

k **MERCURIUS MUSICUS:**

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

OF New TEACHING

S O N G S,

(For the Y E A R, 1700.)

Compos'd for, and Sung at the **T H E A T R E S**,
and other Publick Places.

W I T H

An addition of *Two Part* S O N G S; and a Thorough
B A S S to each Song, for the *Harpſichord, Spinett,*
or *B A S S - V I O L.*

Such Tunes as are not in the Compass of the *F L U T E*, are Trans-
pos'd at the End of the Book.

For **January** and **February.**

*These Collections for the Future, will be duly Published: Where you may be sure to meet with
the Newest and Best in each Month. Price 6 d.*

L O N D O N:

Printed by *W. Pearson*, in *Red-Cross-Alley* in *Jewin-street*, for *D. Browne*,
at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Play-*
ford, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-street*; or at his House in
Arundel-street in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year 99,
are to be had; Bound, at 3 s. 6d. or Stitch'd, at 6 d. each.) and at
most Booksellers and Musick-Shops in Town. 1700.

March and April will speedily come forth.



A SONG Set by Mr. Nicola, being the last he did before he took his Voyage to France.

Er-mi-lia, Her-mi-lia con- - - - - quers

with such Art; Her-mi-lia con- - - - - quers, con- quers with such

Art, Wins so engage-ing-ly, Wins so, so - - - - - engage-ing-ly, of

all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all her Captives, not a Heart that wi-shes,

with- - - - - es to be Free: The Young she does, she



does with pas- - - - - sion, passion move; the Wife she does, she does A-

-maze, she does amaze; the Old ill-natured Weeds must Love, and envy's forc'd to

praise, forc'd to praise, and en-vy's for- - - - -

-c'd to praise.

A SONG Set by Mr. R. Elford.

W Hen fir - - - - - d by Love and your bright Eyes;

when fir - - - - - d by Love and your bright Eyes, and your bright Eyes;

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I am resolv'd, re—solv— — — — —'d to tell my Pain, to tell my Pain, I am re—

—solv'd, re-solv— — — — —'d to tell my Pain, to tell my Pain; the fear, the fear to be re-

—fu— — — — —'d de nys the pow— — — — —'r, the pow'r and strikes me Dumb, strikes, strikes

me Dumb, and strikes me Dumb, stri- - - - -kes me Dumb, Dumb a —

—gain; and stri- - - - -ks me Dumb, Dumb a—gain, Dumb a—gain.

What state of woe did e'er im-part, such Grief? What nu— — — — —m—erous

Troops af--fail, what numerous Troops af--fail; and wound, wound, wound, and

wound, the Ti-merous lo-ve-rs Heart, where Love and

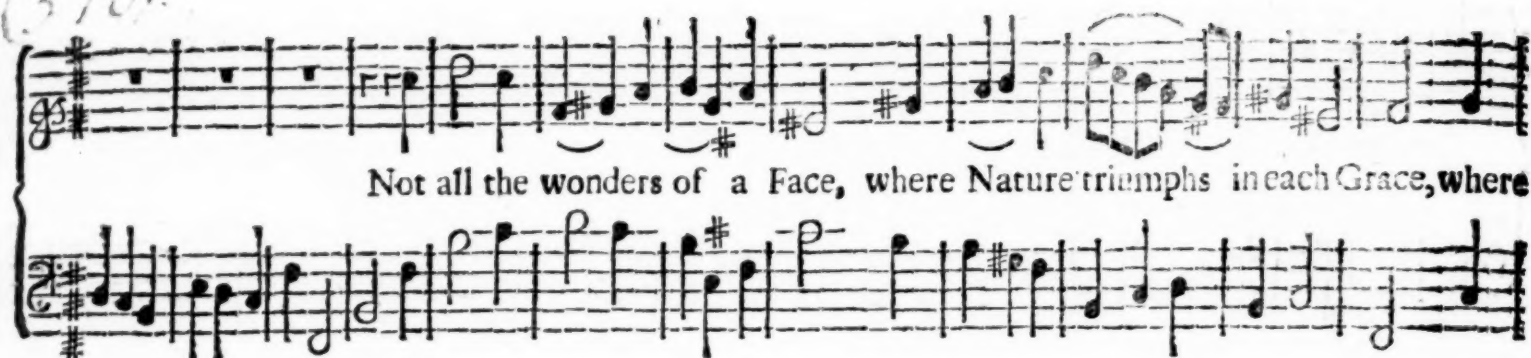
Fear, where Love and Fear by Tu-rns pre-vail.

A S G N G in the Fate of Capua, Sett by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung by Mrs. Hodgson.

What Beauty is, let Strepson tell; who oft has

try'd it, knows it well: what Beauty is let, Strepson tell, who oft has try'd it knows it well.

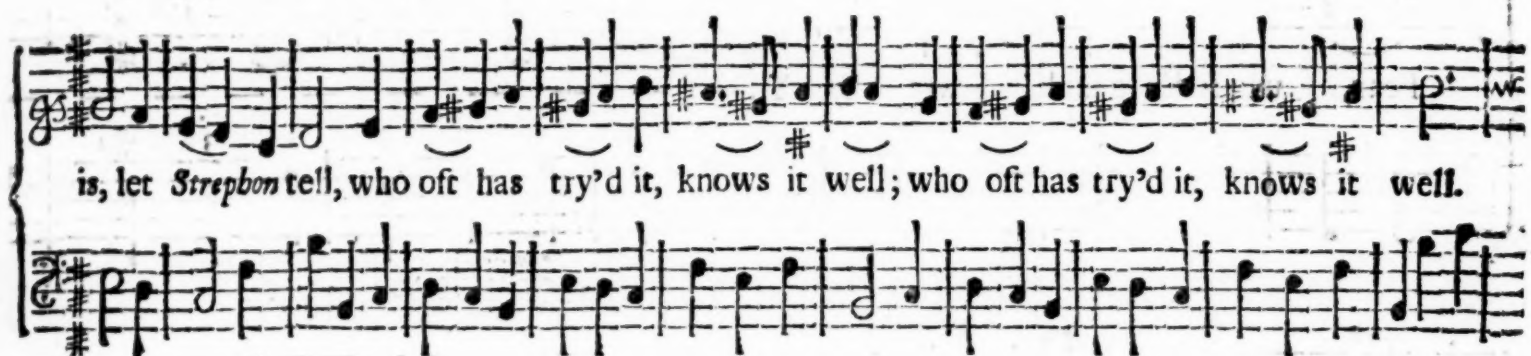
(370)



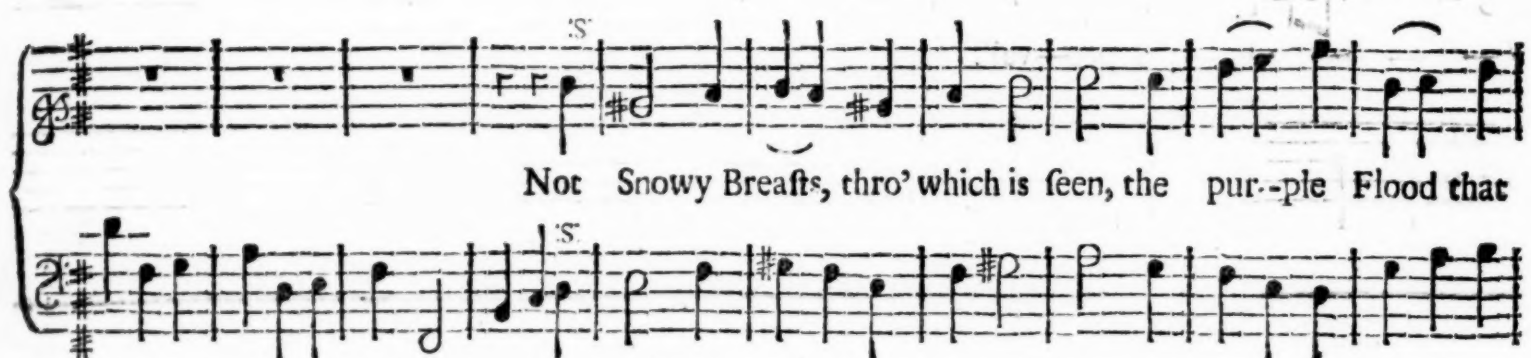
Not all the wonders of a Face, where Nature triumphs in each Grace, where



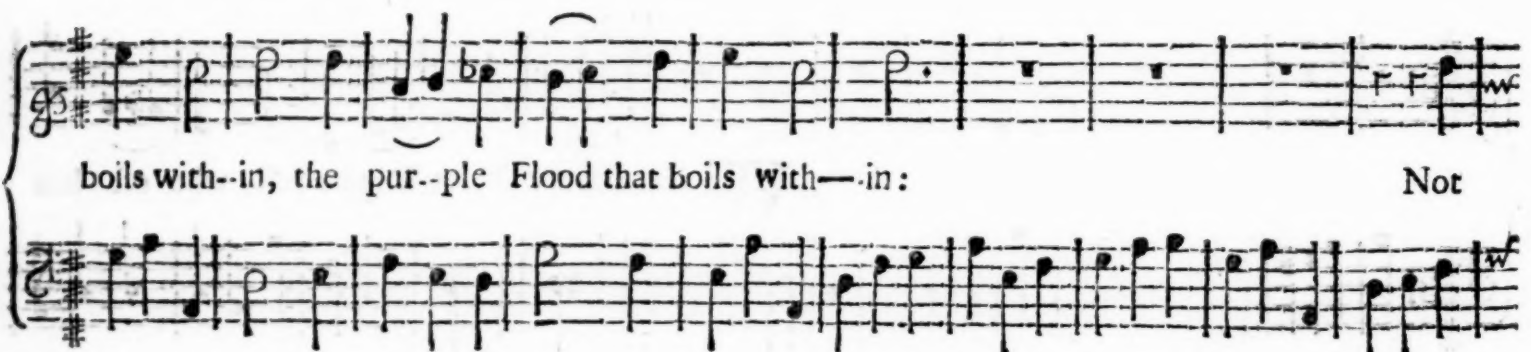
Nature tri---umphs in each Grace. What Beau-ty



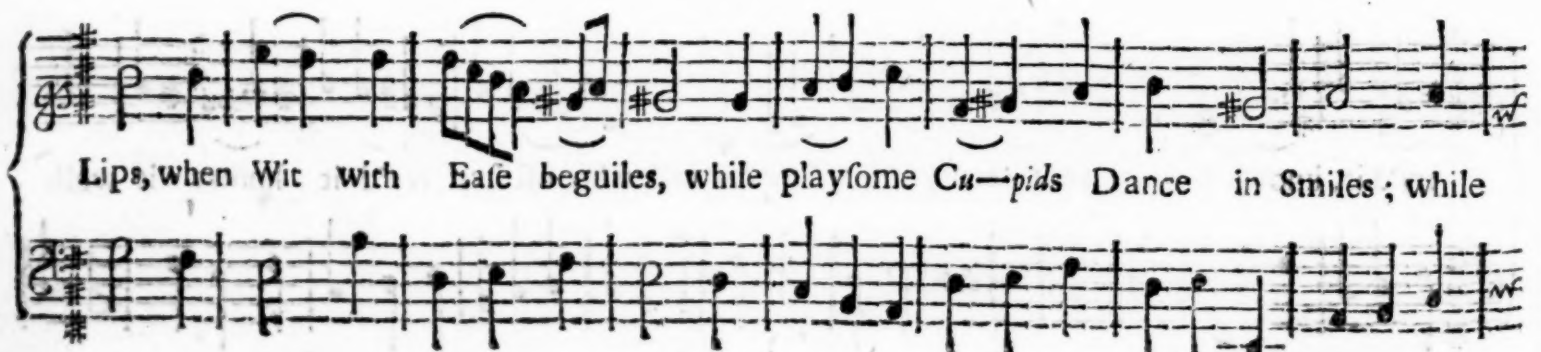
is, let *Strepson* tell, who oft has try'd it, knows it well; who oft has try'd it, knows it well.



Not Snowy Breasts, thro' which is seen, the pur-ple Flood that



boils with--in, the pur-ple Flood that boils with--in: Not



Lips, when Wit with Ease beguiles, while playfome Cu--pids Dance in Smiles; while

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playfome Cu—pids Dance in Smiles: Not Youth, not

Shape, not Air, not Eyes; the on—ly Charms me who oom—ply's: She

on—ly Charms me who comply's.

For the FLUTE.

What Beauty is let Strephon tell,

A S O N G Sett by Mr. R. Elford,

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Dear Mu—fi—do— — — — — ra now be Wife, no

more, no more, be Coy and vain. I thank my Stars, I thank my Stars, I

thank my Stars, I can de—spise, what I de—spair, what I de—spair to

gain, what I de—spair to gain.

II.
If you your Empire would retain,
Your way's to use me well;
Men with good Princes long should Reign,
Bad, Tmpt 'em to Rebell.

III.
Some kind Indearments must be had,
Or Love will find his Eyes;
Tho Tyranny makes most Men Mad,
It makes a Lover Wife.

For the FLUTE.

A SONG for Two Voices.

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Aphne, to pro- - - -ve my Hea- - - -rt is true, *Daphne*, to

Daphne, to pro- - - -ve, *Daphne*, to pro- - - -ve my

pro- - - -ve, *Daphne*, to pro- - - -ve my Hea- - - -

Heart is true, *Daphne*, to pro- - - -ve, *Daphne* to pro- - - -ve

- - - -rt, my Hea- - - -rt is true, on-ly de-

my Hea- - - -rt, my Heart is true, on-ly de

- - - -rt, my Hea- - - -rt is true, on-ly de-

- - - -rt, my Hea- - - -rt is true, on-ly de-

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Flame un-fed does live; what vast Encrease, what va— — — — — it Encrease must

but if my Flame un-fed does live; what vast Encrease, what va— — — — — it encrease must

Kindness give! The several Hearts your Eyes have won, were grown so weak by In—

Kindness give! The several Hearts your Eyes have won, were grown so weak by In—

—con-stant-cy, no wonder they were lost a—gain; no wonder they were lost a—

—con-stant-cy, no wonder they, no wonder they were lost a—gain, were lost a—

—gain to some ig—no— — — — — ble E—ne—my: Had Fate at first bestow'd your Heart on

—gain to some ig—no— — — — — ble E—ne—my: Had Fate at first bestow'd your Heart on

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me, from wa- - - - -ndring Love you had been

me, from wand'ring Love, from wand'ring Love, from wand'ring Love you had been

e—ver free ; from wand—'ring Love, from wand—'ring Love, from wand—'ring Love you

had been e—ver free : But to re-dress the wrongs such Love has giv'n, the God—

—s have me your Sla—ve design'd: then hear my Vows, Oh ! —

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Oh! — take that Heav'n which b — — y com — pli — — ance you may find;

Oh! — take that Heav'n which b — — y com — pli — — ance

you may find.

F I N I S.

PROPOSALS for Printing a Second Book of the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell's *Orpheus Britannicus*, where Encouragement is great for those Persons who shall Subscribe (for the carrying on the Work) on or before the 10th of June next 5 s each, they shall receive the Book in Quires; after which time no Subscriptions will be taken, nor the Books Sold under 10 s. each in Quires. Proposals at large are to be had at Mr. Playford's Shop in the Temple-Change Fleet-street.

The Second Book of *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, being a Collection of Old and New Ballads, containing near 200 of the best that has been Cut in Copper for several Years last past, with the Tunes to each, is now in the Press, and will soon be Published.